

Halo: Rise and Fall

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Summary: Halo: Rise and Fall is a 5 part series involving SPARTAN black team, trained apart from the rest of the group, to be shaped into the UNSC's most diverse weapon, aimed at the heart of the Insurrection. But something far worse looms in the distance of space

1. Chapter 1

****Author's note:** Halo: Rise and Fall is the beginning of a 5 part series of stories detailing each of the major events in the timeline up until the end of Halo 3, as 4 onward haven't been released. That may change, based on how long the five parts planned will take to write, as they're all planned to be quite long. I may put in a part 6, if Halo 4 is released by the time I finish 5, which, to be honest, it shouldn't. I've been mapping this story out since before Halo 3's release. In fact, I worked on it in my 7th grade class, and Halo 3 was released my Freshmen year in highschool. The first few chapters of part one will have no real action, because they're character development. But by chapter 4 or so, I should at least have some ODS combat. But the Covenant won't be showing up for quite a while. Just a warning. ******

****ENJOY!****

Halo: Rise and Fall

Chapter 1

July 15: 2517 In orbit over Mars Colony

"You know I don't approve of your selection, Lee." Doctor Catherine Halsey said, looking over the top of her glasses at the list of names, accompanied by files on her desk. "One of these has Palsey, which, as you well know, is one of the rarest physical disorders of the last three hundred years! We figured out how to fix the damn problem in 2136!" She was almost yelling. "Why pick somebody with

that rare, not to mention severe a disorder?"

The tall, thin man from China answered swiftly, as if rehearsed. "Doctor, I've thought about this for a long time. Think about the boy's file in particular. When he was born, the doctors said he'd never walk. Look at how wrong they are!" He slammed a balled fist on his associate's desk. "He can walk, completely unaided, though I agree his condition would make him a good deal..." he searched for the word, "desireable, for the program."

Halsey didn't respond right away.

"But you know me Catherine! You know that all of the projects I've taken on in the last ten years have been clear successes. You know that I'll succeed here."

"Mind explaining how the great Doctor Chang plans to combat the mid-term stages of Palsey?" Halsey's voice wasn't joking. She was being serious.

"Replace his leg bones with metal, and rebuild his spinal column so that his nervous system can be worked on... Improved."

"Improved?"

"Yes. His sense of pain dulled, yet his perception of all other physical feelings involving touch left the way they are. I assure you, with the genetic alterations formulas you're working on for the SPARTAN program, I could formulate something that would do just that."

"Metal legs, reinforced nerves..." Halsey said out loud, pondering. "ONI wouldn't allow it."

"They wouldn't allow half the things you do." Chang grinned.

"It's my head if you fail, you know."

"It's your wallet doubling in size if I succeed. I'm only your assistant remember? All I really get, aside from this pathetic UNSC commissions check, is the satisfaction of a job well done. I assure you that if you allow me to build a SPARTAN squad, they'll make ONI proud."

"It would take a while for your subject to adapt to the new legs, and spine. If his body doesn't reject the augmentations and kill him, he'll be bed-ridden for weeks."

"During which time, I'll have him studying military stratagy and history."

"And the rest of the squad you want," Halsey smirked. "normal children, or are they crippled too?"

"The other subjects are unique, as subject 049. One, a girl named Lyn, can hit a target with a rock at 100 yards ten times out of ten. She says she can see it clearly enough to read off of it, even if the target is no bigger than, say, that journal you're always scribbling in."

"Hmm... That's talent. It's a positive thing. Palsey isn't."

"But the boy's determination is. That boy will be a SPARTAN. You'll see, and you'll have me to thank." Chang smiled.

Halsey sighed, defeated. "So you say he's on the Mars colony, along with another one of your little tests?"

"Yes, subject 052, Sean."

"Fine. Order abduction and flash-cloning. You can have your squad."

"Ma'am." Chang said, a hint of pride in his tone. "You're making the right choice."

2. Chapter 2

****A/N:** Chapter 2 took less time than I thought it'd take. This one centers on two of the Spartans of Black Team, and how they came to be part of the SPARTAN 11 program. ******

Chapter 2

July 15 2517. Mars Colony: 1200 hours

Sean sat on a low branch, smiling as two security officers entered the garden sector.

"Found him!" one declared, rushing at the child, who dropped off the branch, rushing forward. Sean dropped below the man's legs, sliding on his knees. As he passed under the man, he drove a fist up, into the guard's groin.

Sean came to his feet about the time the first guard hit the ground, clutching his groin. He ran toward the door, which the second guard was blocking. Sean moved right, tripping the man as he passed through the doorway. "He's heading for the docks!" the first guard yelled into his communicator. "Cut him off there!"

"Doctor," Chief Petty Officer Mendez began as the Pelican dropship landed on the Mars Colony docking bay. "any particular reason you requested a squad of ODSTs, much less myself, to come with you to get this kid?"

"034 is a troublemaker of sorts, Officer Mendez." he cracked a smile. "I have a feeling he'll need our help, if we want to take him off this planet."

"You suspect he'll just let us?" Mendez's face contorted into a question. "We had to abduct all the other cases."

"We place him in military custody until the flash-clone is completed, and-"

"Make the switch." Mendez finished.

"Precisely." The Pelican's loading ramp opened.

Sean rushed into the docks, searching for a way out, when an arm came from behind him, lifting him off the ground by the back of his shirt. "You're not getting away this time."

"Let me go!" Sean protested.

"Not gonna happen." The guard shook the child roughly.

"Release the child." a large man Sean had never seen before said, walking briskly over to the guard. He was a man Sean hadn't met before. Why would he come to help? From his outfit, he looked like he was from the military.

"The UNSC has no right to meddle in the affairs of the Colony worlds!" the guard tightened his grip. "He's a delinquent!"

"That boy is to be placed in UNSC custody for the time being." another voice said, from behind the military man. He was accompanied by four armed men in helmets and thick armor.

"Doc!" Sean said, shocked to see this particular man again. He'd come to Sean's school, to talk with him about why he kept running away from detention, but by the end of their conversation, the doctor seemed more interested in the 'how' rather than the 'why'.

"Hello Sean." Chang smiled. "What is it you've done this time?"

"He stole food from the Market sector for the third time this week!" The guard shook him again.

"And you delegate this much manpower to catch him?" the military man chuckled. "How organized. Hand him over." Sean could hear muffled laughs from under the helmets of the four armed men.

"Why's the UNSC so interested?" The guard made no move to release Sean.

"I've been working with him on a special project. Recent developments require our obtaining custody of the boy." the doctor said. "We are authorised to use force, if need be." He cupped his hands behind his back.

"What project?" the guard asked.

"You ask entirely too many questions for your own good." Chang smiled. "The boy."

"No way."

Chang's shoulder twitched.

The next sound Sean heard startled him. One of the helmeted men had shot the guard in the leg with their sidearm, apparently on cue. The man screamed in a mix of shock and agony as he released Sean, and gripped his wound, doubling over on the metal dock flooring.

"You should come with me, Sean." Chang led the boy to the Pelican.

"You're all crazy!" the guard said, as a small croud of dock workers surrounded him.

The ODS'T who'd shot him knelt next to the guard. "Be thankful we're not permitted to kill." he whispered. He turned to the small croud. "Nothin' to see here, folks. Back to work."

"Get on the ship, Sean." Chang said. "Everything will be explained in a short time."

"Yes sir." Sean obeyed and sat.

"Take off. I'll radio you when I've got the next subject." he said to Mendez, and walked away, toward the medical center.

Garrett walked, if it could be called that, into the medical facility and down the hall to the 'stretching room'. He had to be here six hours a day doing painful, nearly useless excersises that made it hurt to move. When he arrived, however, he saw his therapist speaking to a man in a white coat, who turned to him when he noticed.

"Hello young man." the strange man said. "My name is Doctor Chang. I work for the UNSC. I'm a scientist." He walked over to shake Garrett's hand. "What if I told you that you've been selected for a special procedure, designed to cure you of your Palsey completely?"

"Why was I picked?" Garrett seemed skeptical.

"Because of the remarkable feat you prefored thus far in your life. Most people with your problem are stuck in chairs until they die. You fought that." Chang smiled. "You're special."

Garrett thought.

"What do you say, young man?" Chang asked.

"Okay. I'll do it." Garrett smiled.

"The drawback is," Chang paused. "You'll be in a bed for a few weeks." He furrowed his brow. "But while you're in your bed I'll make sure you get lots of ice cream. How does that sound?"

"Great!" Garrett exclaimed.

"Good." Chang turned, and left the room, signalling Garrett to follow. "Mendez," he said into his communicator. "I've got him. Have you breifed Sean?"

"Yes, we have. We ended up telling him about the program. We told him he'd become a super hero." Mendez said.

"Good. He will." Chang turned off his device, and led Garrett to the docks, where their transport would arrive shortly.

"Who's Sean?" Garrett asked.

"He'll be company of sorts while you heal. Tell me, what do you know about super heroes?"

End
file.